

OPENING OF THE LANCASHIRE ASSIZES.

The spring assizes for the northern division of the Lancashire Assizes commenced at Lancaster on Saturday last. On the evening of that day, Sir Robert Monsey Rolfe, Knight, one of the barons of her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, arrived in Lancaster by railway-train from London, which reached Lancaster about eight o'clock. William Garnet, Esq., of Lark Hill, Salford, the high sheriff, arrived with his *cortège* and retinue, by special train from Manchester, about four o'clock; and he proceeded with his train to the railway station to receive the learned baron on his arrival. We are enabled to introduce here a scene illustrative of the progress of the high sheriff, as the procession appeared whilst passing down Victoria-street, Manchester, towards the railway terminus. On the arrival of the learned baron, he proceeded at once to the castle, and opened her Majesty's commission in the Crown Court, adjourning the court to Monday morning at ten o'clock. On Sunday morning the learned judge, accompanied and attended by the high sheriff, the mayor, and several of the aldermen of Lancaster, &c., attended divine service at St. Mary's. (The trials of the Chartist will be found in another column.)

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

This is an eventful season of trials at sessions, and the few days that comprise their varying details will occupy no small share of public interest and attention. We take the opportunity of exhibiting the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey; and while his trial is yet in progress, we have introduced the person of one individual whose crime has created so powerful a sensation of horror in the public mind.

TRIAL OF DANIEL M'NAUGHTEN, THE ASSASSIN.

This being the day appointed for the trial of Daniel M'Naughten, the assassin of the late lamented Mr. Edward Drummond, the greatest bustle and excitement prevailed in the vicinity of the Old Bailey from an early hour in the morning. Numbers of carriages were seen setting down at the entrances of the court ladies and gentlemen who had been fortunate enough to obtain orders of admission.

The body of the court around the counsels' table was, as usual on such occasions, crowded by young and briefless barristers, some of whom never put on their wigs and gowns, except to convert them into a pass-ticket to some "show" trial, for such do all trials of extraordinary character become at the Old Bailey. The crowding, bustle, and excitement, were, however, equal, if not greater, than at the trials of Courvoisier and Daniel Good.

The counsel for the prosecution were the Solicitor-General, Mr. Waddington, and Mr. Russell Gurney; and Mr. Cockburn, Mr. Bodkin, Mr. Clarkson, and Mr. Monteith, appeared for the prisoner.

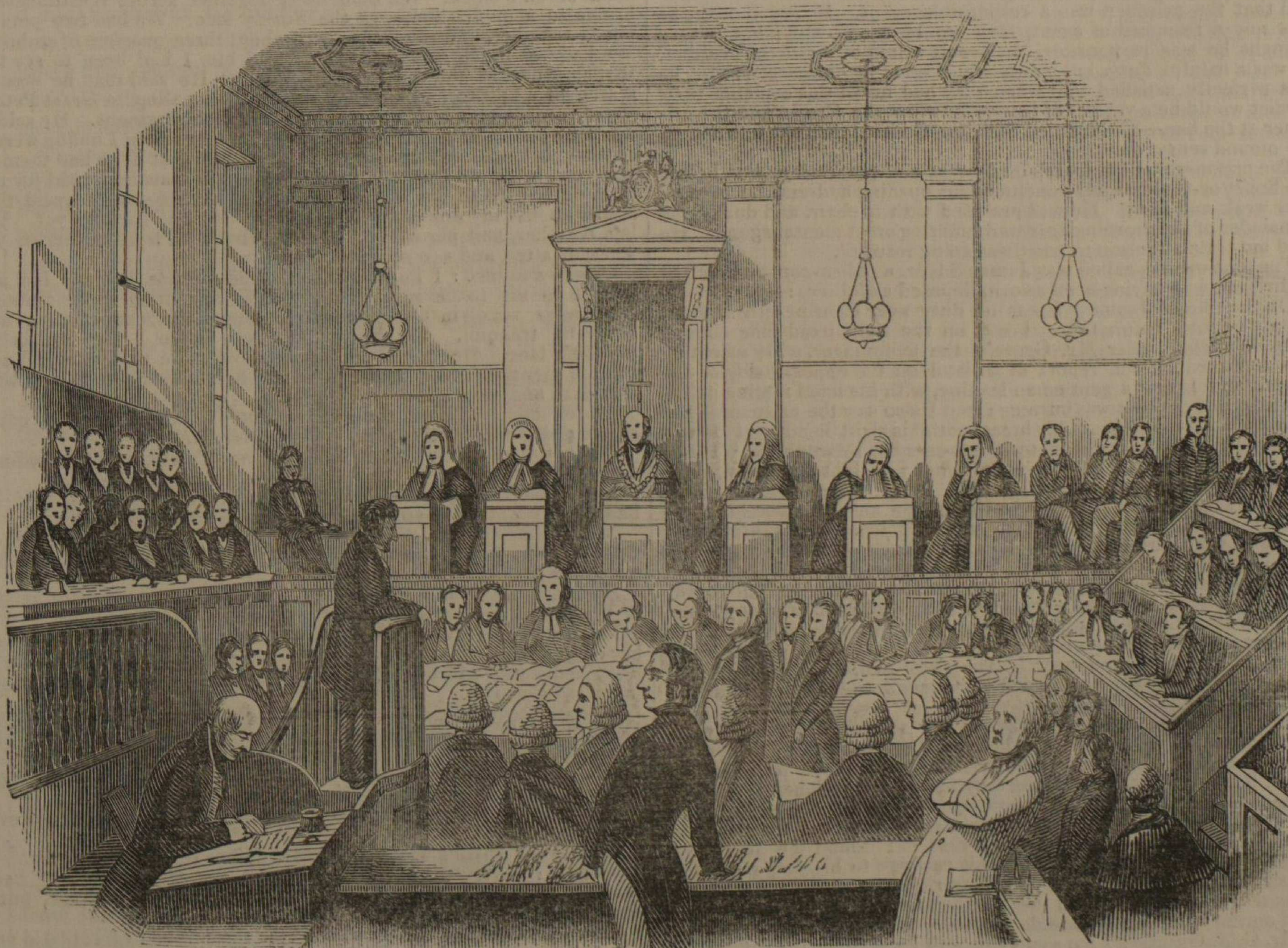
At ten o'clock the Judges entered the Court, and took their seats on the bench. They were Chief Justice Tindal, Mr. Justice Williams, and Mr. Justice Coleridge. At this time every seat was occupied, and the court presented a most animated appearance.

The prisoner was then brought into the dock, and placed at the bar. He looked still in good health, and his cheeks wore the same florid appearance as before, although he manifested considerable trepida-

tion, and appeared to breathe very rapidly—his lip especially indicating the painfully excited state of his feelings.

Mr. Clarke, the Clerk of the Arraigns, then proceeded to read over the indictment, which charged the prisoner with the wilful murder of Mr. Edward Drummond, by shooting him with a pistol and ball, by which he did mortally wound and kill the said Mr. Edward Drummond. Having done so, he asked the prisoner whether he pleaded Guilty, or Not Guilty. The prisoner, in a tolerably clear and firm tone of voice, replied, Not Guilty.

The Solicitor-General, amid profound silence, proceeded to address the jury, and stated calmly and dispassionately the facts and circumstances connected with this most melancholy occurrence. He told them that Mr. Drummond, whose death it was their duty to inquire into, was, as they were doubtless well aware, the private secretary of the Premier; he was on terms of intimacy and friendship with that right hon. gentleman, and by virtue of his office he occupied apartments in the Premier's house, in Downing-street, and that he was in the constant habit of passing from those apartments to the private residence of Sir Robert Peel, in Whitehall-gardens; and it would be proved before them in evidence that the prisoner at the bar had, previously to this transaction, been for many days seen loitering about the public offices, and passing by the office in Downing street; that his conduct had excited the attention of many persons, and, among them, the attention of several soldiers and policemen, who had spoken to him; but, unfortunately, no steps were taken to remove him away, or prevent his continuing to remain there; and on Friday afternoon, the 20th Jan., at about three o'clock, Mr. Drummond left his apartments in Downing-street, and proceeded to the Treasury; from the Treasury he proceeded to the Admiralty, in company with Lord Haddington. Lord Haddington he left at the Admiralty, and proceeded alone towards the bank of Messrs. Drummond, which, as they knew, was near Charing-cross; and in returning towards his apartments, when he came near a coffee-house called the Saopian Coffee-house, the prisoner at the bar—for there was no doubt as to his identity—came behind him and discharged a pistol almost close to him. After he had discharged that, he was seen to thrust his hand into his breast and pull out another pistol, which he was in the very act of discharging, when a policeman ran across the road, and, throwing his arms round his body, prevented him from so doing. A violent struggle ensued, during which the second pistol went off, without doing any damage. He was then secured, and taken to the police station in Gardener's-lane, where he was searched, and a £5 bank-note, a deposit-note upon a Glasgow bank for £700, ten copper percussion caps, which fitted his pistols, and other articles, were found upon him. Mr. Drummond, after the pistol was fired, staggered, but did not fall, and walked, almost without assistance, back to the bank, where the assistance of a medical gentleman was procured, and he was removed to his own private residence. He was there attended by two surgeons of great eminence, namely, Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Bransby Cooper, and for some time hopes were entertained that the wound would not prove mortal. Unhappily, however, these hopes were disappointed: he lingered in great pain until Wednesday, the 25th of January, when he died. His death had given great and bitter pain, for he was a man who was universally beloved. He was of a disposition so altogether amiable, that it was impossible he could have had a personal enemy. They would ask, what could have induced the prisoner to



CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, OLD BAILEY—M'NAUGHTEN'S TRIAL.